# Keep Your Blankets as soft as new, by washing them in **GOLD DUST** Washing Powder

### SHERIFF'S SALE.

Minnie Ethel Stoneking vs. Anna Court of Common Pleas, Case No.

Order of sale in Partition In pursuance of an order of Sale in Partition issued from the Court of Common Pleas within and for the county of Washington and State of Onlo, made at the September term thereof A. D. 1900, and to me directed I will offer for sale at Public Auction at the door of the court house in the city of Marierta, on the 29th day of December, at 1 o'clock p. m. of said day the following described real estate

Situated in the county of Washing-ton and State of Ohio, and in the township of Lawrence, to-wit: The northwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section No. 30, Town 3, Range 7, containing thirty-seven (37) acres.

Also the northeast quarter of the northeast quarter of Section 36, Town 3, Pinne 7, excepting twelve (12) neres, sold to Mary Elber, and containing twenty-four (24) neres more or

Also a right of way for a road from a point on the township line between the townships of Liberty and Law-rence, commencing near the residence of the late George Stoneking, deceased, and running on the same grounds now occupied for a private road to the county road in Liberty township, and being the same road privileges deed-ed by George Stoneking and Mary en by George Stoneking and Mary
E. Stoneking to George Stoneking, his heirs and assigns, dated December 6th, 1890, and recorded
in Deed Book number 109, at page 236.
Said premises has been appraised at
seven hundred dollars (\$700) and can

not sell for less than two-thirds of said from her birth.

appraisement. Terms of sale: One-third cash on day of sale: one-third in one year, and one-third in two years, the deferred payments a bear interest from day of ale and to be secured by mortgage on

JOHN S. McCALLISTER. Sheri for Washington Count, Ohio. Way & Hancock, attorneys. Nov. 29-5wks-Thursday.

vania libes to Denver and other points in Colorado, and to points in Minnesota, North Dakou, Moniana, Wyomiang, Utah, Oregon, Washington and some on three sides, a beautiful wainscoting, than college life, although she often deing, Utah, Oregon, Washington and British Columbia. The fares are particularly low for the benefit of persons desiring to go West on small expenses. and are in effect Tuesdays of each week, on which days tickets may be purchased at any Ticket Office of the Pennsylvania Lines. For particulars apply to nearest local agent of these lines or address J. M. Harris, Discrict Passenger Agent, Columbus, Ohio,

### O. & L. K. R. R.

Excursion rates to Coshocton O .. account of Eastern Onio Teachers's Association. Tickets good going Nov. 30th. Returning until Dec. 1st Inclus-

Account International Live Stock Exposition at Chicago Dec. 1st to 8th, inclusive, the Marietta, Columbus Cleveland R. R. authorizes one fare for the round trip, plus \$2.00, Dec. 1, 2 and 3, good returning not later than

## A Pioneer Gone.

Joseph Ford Stanley was born in Stanleyville, O., September 3rd, 1817, and died at his home in Stanleyville on the morning of November 22nd, at the advanced age of 83 years, 2 months and 18 days.

In politics he was a Republican, having cast his first presidential vote for Harrison in 1840, voting for every president down to McKinley, November 6th, 1900.

He was married to Harriet A. Doan, in Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, August 14th, 1857, who still survives him. There were born to them seven children, of whom five are living to mount that loss of a husband and father.

## \$500 REWARD!

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Richards, Druggists, Marietta, Ohio.

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# Chrusanthemums

A Thanksgiving Story.

Bn Manda L. Crocker.

EOPLE said they were "a pair of previous fools to give such precious tools to give such a mite of a taby that borrid long name." As if it were going to make her better than we common folks," said Belle Wickerwould be any better looking, either," added Merry Jaxon, who was a recognized beauty

Nevertheless the Kimballs did name the dot of humanity that horrid, long name in spite of the comment and adverse opinion of a dozen exceedingly interested neighbors. Whether it was because there was a bank of the beautiful blossoms in the sunny south room where she was born on that

Thanksgiving day, they having been hustled in from the uncongenial November air outside a few hours before her coming, or not, was never explained.

No matter; Chrysanthea was now the belle of Roserock, notwithstanding her horrid, long name.

For Settlers and Homeseckers Going
West.

Normal long name.

Eighteen screne Thanksgiving suns had run the glowing day-run, setting in a halo of memories sweet for Kimball's daughter, and we find her fair and pure as the flowers

Special fares for Settlers and Home- day, and Mr. and Mrs. Kunball meant to seekers going wost.—One way and have a lovely surprise on Chrysanthea, round trip second class tickets at spe- And this special November was behaving it-

Mrs. Kimball gave the same reason to Chrysanthea for the indoor bloom that she had given to her husband just 19 years ago. "These bleak nights," she said, "and chrysanthemums were never made for each other." But her room and her heart always congenial for them. And Mr. Kimball smiled in a proud, contented way as he carried in the blooming bank nearly two

To-day the stately daughter smiled the same proud, glad smile while bending over



CHRYSANTHEA AND HER PROTEGE.

the rich beauty about her. "Our diningfrom will be magnificently yet simply decorated for to marrow," she said, her fine eyes taking in the wealth of bloom at one appreciative sweep.

She was her mother's daughter; the blossoms were her soni's delight. But Chrysanthea had a leaf in her heart chapter which, in some way, had been left out or turned over a blank in the bosom of her fond mamma. She had a penchant for looking after the poor and her father gave her a beautiful compliment when he said that "his daughter was just like all other flowers, as ready to bloom for the poor as for the

Nothing was ever truer than this; and as Chrysanthea drank in the quiet, rich beauty of the blossom bank, a thought of the bare cheerless cellar room on Brisbane street, where, day after day, a child tossed from one side to the other with the pain and restlessness of a long illness, came to her

ing a vine over a picture in the next room. but pick them out here and there, so the effort will not be spoiled.

"O, mamma, certainly; but you are so careful of to morrow's effect." I wonder at it a little, seeing only we are to be the observers." And the fair girl looked a little

"Well, well!" exclaimed her mother, com ing forward with a smile more puzzling than circumstance or desire, "are 'we only' not as appreciative as any company, dear? Your papa and mamma love chrysanthemums one, especially, with all our heart," and she kissed the inquiring face turned toward

"Yes, mamma," and Chrysanthea smiled again; "but the 'effect' at Kimball's would not, could not, be as beautiful as in Janet's old, cheerless celiar room."

"No, daughter, I know; and yet—there are surprises everywhere." Mrs. Kimball looked beyond Chrysanthea and seemed to see a vision of beauty.
"True," answered the girl, meditatively,

"so you will let me take a 'surprise' with the expected dinner?" "Certainly." The mother's gaze came back to the daughter's face. "Will you bring one back with you, dear? If not we will be

obliged to scare up one here, won't we? Tomorrow is your birthday, love." "A surprise?" and the girl's face assumed

a puzzled look again. "I do not know of any to bring," she said, slowly; "but these would keep me in mind of the day, even for which she was named. though I tried to forget," waving her jew-To-morrow would be her nineteenth birtheled hand around the room like a fairy wand. "As to the surprises, mamma, mean to be equal to any of them."

She spoke like a prophet, but without a

cial now rates are on sale via Pannzyl- self in a special way with reference to the prophet's knowledge, yet her prophecy came

clared: "No one ever had six as sweet and bright companions in a graduating class as

And Mme, Moreau declared, facetiously that she was "graduating an exquisite bouquet" that year, there being two Roses, one Lily, one Pansy, one Althea and a Chrysan-

Beyond this desirable companionship, as we have intimated, Chrysanthea's heart warmed happily toward another not of the

feminine persuasion. Studying medicine in her uncle's office, Jack Beverly had met her at her uncle's home frequently and while in Berea their lives ran sweetly on and on together.

But since then she had not seen or heard aught of Jack, save when her Uncle Kimball wrote that "Young Beverly had set up shop on his own book now." Chrysanthea remembered one Thanks-

giving night, as she and Jack were return-ing from a party, that he had held her hand longer than usual and said, softly: "I am so glad to have known you, Miss Kimball. You are my incentive for all things good!" And in the half-frightened glance she gave him, she saw something beyond friendship in his eloquent eyes.

Weeks afterward it all flashed upon her with a sudden revelation that made her heart beat faster and warmer than ever before; and she knew that Jack Beverly was in love with her, and she with him, though

no further confession had been made.

In the hurry and bustle of getting ready to go home, she failed to see Jack, and she came away from Berea without even so much as a "good-by" to him. And then chrysanthemums! How Jack

loved them. She remembered that, How he would enjoy this profusion, this elaborate Thanksgiving border while he ate his tur-

But no danger of such a happening. He was now "no longer in Berea," Uncle Kimball said, and she had no idea where he was. A breath of college days stole over the fair girl as she gathered the blossoms "here and there one," as Mamma Kimball had directed, "so the effect would be intact."

O, if the girls could only sit down with her to dinner to-day! Rose Eyeting and Lily Davenport did so love turkey, she remem-bered, and Althea Harlan "just adored cranberry sauce.

But, of course, "this could not be either," kimball proved herself to be equal to sweet surprises at least.

And it is safe to say that no happier dinger profitable could be and would be account of the party could have been found in all Rose. complished this morning, than to build air castles and pull them down again. She would make little Janet happy; and "inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these."

That was reward enough, happiness and she said: "O, mamma, I must take enough for one Thanksgiving day, and she some of this beauty and comfort to poor lit- would occupy herself with selfish bents. the Janet when I go with the Thanksgiving Doubtless the girls were butterflying it The Brute-basket in the morning."

"Yes," said Mrs. Kimball, intent on train
"Yes," said Mrs. Kimball, intent on train-

vas beginning to be a staid physician whose mind was taken up with piles and potions, and the aches and pains of his patrons; while she, Chrysanthea, had her lovely home and loving parents as of old, and pienty of poorpeople to comfort and help. And plenty to help with! What a blessing to be thank-

ful for this cheery, Thanksgiving morning. "I will be back in time to he'p with the dinner," said Chrysanthea, her face a beam with the love of doing good, as she posed between a basket of dainties on the one hand and a basket of Chrysanthemums on the other, destined for Janet's comfortless sick-

"O, that doesn't matter," her mother hastened to say; "Jane has everything well in hand, and I shall be at the heim. Don't cut your visit short, dear; make it pleasant for the poor thing, as only you can. I wish 1 had your faculty for making people happy!"

Mrs. Kimball sighed, as if her daughter's faculty for brightening the lives of people was uppermost in her mind. But she was thinking of something else more akin to the "butterfly" idea.

Five young ladies in different parts of the state had received invitations to a "sur-prise on Chrysanthea" at Thanksgiving time. In two hours the ten o'clock train would be in and two Roses, a Lily, a Pansy and an Althea were expected.

"It is Chrysanthea's birthday, you all remember, of course, and don't fail me," ran the invitation, and each flower graduate de-termined, let come what would, they would be a part of the Kimball surprise.

"O, Miss Kimball, how perfectly lovely!" Little Janet fell to caressing the flowers while the joy lighted up her pale face. "I am so much better this morning," she said, "and it really is Thanksgiving, with restoration to health in prospect. That bit of heavenly sunshine streaming in at my one little win-dow; these beautiful blossoms and you, Miss Kimbali—I am so glad for you, here." Chrysanthea kneit beside the couch, burying her face in the coarse pillow. She wanted to be as thankful as Janet; she had so much more to enjoy, Heaven knew!

Some one came in quietly and stood on the other side of the bed. One of the neighbors, doubtless full of curiosity to find out what she had brought this time.

But no. "O, doctor, see what Miss Kim-ball brought me!" giving the flowers another caress; "you mind I told you of her often? She's just an angel, doctor!"
"I remember," answered the physician,

"and these are superb, my favorite flowers; always lighting up the dark places and

It was not the voice of a curious neighbor. No! that voice was familiar; where had she

A thin, white hand stole over Chrysanthen's bowed head, and Janet whispered: "Look up; here's the doctor. He loves flowers, too, especially chrysauthemums." Chrysanthea rose at the child's artless in-

troduction. 'Chrysanthea Kimball!" That was all the physician said, but he came around and took two willing hands in his own. A leaf of the old college chapter fluttered back from past o present and both read together a joyous Thanksgiving psalm.

Meanwhile the all important "ten o'clock" had come and a beyy of finely dressed young adies alighted from the one city bus of Roserock at Kimball's door, and was made



GUY BEVERLY WAS SAYING.

welcome by the genial presence of Mr. and Mrs. Kimball. And ten neighbors peeped out from behind ten curtains and ejaculat-"My! they have Thanksgiving com-

But Mrs. Kimball hustled these flowers into the parlor something after the fashion of an afore-time occasion, saying as she did so: "Chrysanthea will be here shortly, and I want this surprise to be complete."

And Jack Beverly was saying as he walked

home with Chrysanthea: "This is such sweet surprise; and - to-morrow is your birthday! Could anything be completer?" "And I promised to bring mamma a sur-prise if I could find one," said Chrysanthea, as she opened the hall door a few minutes later

"Mamma!" she called, opening the par lor door, "I brought you a surprise; come

"You come here a moment first, dear," came the reply. "I also have a surprise; come and see; then I will enjoy your surprise

Jack motioned her to go in, while he waited in the hall." "Oh, girls!" exclaimed Chrysanthea, as her classmates rose to greet her, "I've wanted to see you so much!" and they laughed

and cried together. After greetings had been exchanged in genuine schoolgirl fashion and Papa and Mamma Kimball had reached the seventh heaven of delight, Chrysanthea said: "Wait a minute; I'll bring my surprise right in."

"Mamma," she said, as she presented the radiant Jack, "here is the biggest and nicest surprise I could find, Mr. Jack Beverly,

physician and surgeon of this city, and your prospective son-in-law.

"And girls," she added, shyly, her face shining with an inner thanksgiving, "you "O, yes, yes;" they exclaimed in happy chorus, "but, Chrysanthea, dear, it seems

you knew him hest." Thus in a glad, impromptu manner Jack Beverly was presented to his friends and prospective relations and the stately Miss Kimball proved herself to be equal to sweet

ner party could have been found in all Rose rock that lovely November day than that one which sat down to dinner at the Kim-ball home, hedged in by a bank of cream and white chrysanthemums.

Thanksgiving Time. The Wife—Well, my dear, shall we have turkey for Christmas, too?

The Brute—Yes, I suppose that's when we'll be making our last meal off this one.—

### HISTORY OF THE DAY.

Thanksgiving Is a Holiday Dear to the Heart of Every American.

American institution. History, it is true, informs us that the pious people of Leyden, Holland, observed a day of thanksgiving as early as 1575, to commemorate the first anniversary of the raising of the siege of that city. In 1623 a day of fasting and prayer was appointed on account of the drought. Rain came abundantly while the people were praying, and the covernor appointed a day of thanksgiving which was observed with religious exercises.

The first recorded Thanksgiving, ap-

pointed by authority in America, was pro-claimed in Massa-chusetts bay in 1631. Owing to the great scarcity of provi-sions and consequent menace of starva-tion, the 22d of February was designated to be observed as a fast day. Before that date a long-expected vessel arrived

from Ireland, loaded with provisions, and A. D. 1631. the fast day was changed into one of thanksgiving.

Benjamin Franklin relates that in a time of great despondency among the first set-tiers of New England it was proposed in one of their public meetings to proclaim a fast. An aged farmer rose and spoke of provok ing Heaven with their complaints and of th many mercies they had received and of the causes they had for giving thanks. He then made a motion that, instead of appointing a day of fasting, they should appoint a day of thanksgiving. To this the assembly read ily agreed.

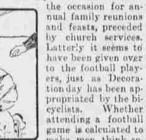
Massachusetts was the first of the colonies to appoint an annual thanksgiving by

the proclamation of the English governor. During the revolution Thanksgiving day was a national institution, being annually recommended by congress: but after a general thanksgiving for peace in 1784 there was no national appointment until 1789, when Washington, by request of

congress, recom- A. D. 1871. mended a day of thanksgiving for the adoption of the constitution. Washington issued a second proclamation of thanksgiving in 1795 on account of the suppression of in-surrection. President Madison, by request tion of a day for giving thanks was mainly confined to New England until the year 1817, after which day it was regularly appointed by the governor of New York. In 1855 Gov. Jackson, of Virginia, recommended a day of thanksgiving; but in 1857 Gov. Wise, when requested to do so, publicly declined, on the ground that he was not authorized to interefere in religious matters. During the

President Lincoln issued proclamations rec-ommending national thanksgiving. Since then a proclamation has been issued annually by the president, as well as by the governors of the various states and the mayors of the principal cities, and custom has fixed

the time as the last Thursday in November. In the early days Thanksgiving was a purely religious holiday. Later on it became the occasion for annual family reunions



attending a football

quires individual answer. Advocates of the great college game claim that the innovation is harmless, yet not even the most enthu-siastic among them venture the assertion that it has a tendency to make anyone feel grateful for the bounties Providence has bestowed upon him. There are many ways of showing gratitude, but the old-fashioned way of thanking the Lord in His house seems, after all, to be the best and most

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.



Farmer-Me an' you'll have a purty good time Thanksgiving, eh? The Bird-Well, pardon me if I disagree with you.-Yellow Book.

> The Trimmings. Go 'way wid yoh celery, Yoh 'taters an' yoh pie, Yoh gravy and yoh dressin', 'Case I's gotter pass 'em by, White folks dey kin eat 'em Ef dey wants de taste, But I come yere foh turkey An' I's got no room to waste, —Washington Star,

Open to That Suspicton.

"I guess," remarked the salesman in the department store, as his Chinese customer went away, "Wop Lee is making arrange-ments for his Thanksgiving. He has bought a rat trap."-Chicago Tribune.

Spoiled It for Him, Rev. Mr. Goodman-Well, Willie, did you enjoy your Thanksgiving dinner? Willie-No. We had company and I had

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(HARLES W. RICUARDS, Attorney at 1, sw blue on Putnam | rest

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